WE SHALL SEE HER NO MORE.

WORDS BY C. HART, MUSIC BY F. BUCKLEY.

Sung with Tremendous Applause by Buckley's celebrated Band of Minstrels.

Oh, the bright sunny South where the sugar cane grows,
And the cotton flowers gracefully bent in the wind,
Where life, like a dream, full of happiness flows,
And, massa, dear massa, was always so kind;
Oh, yes, it there in the South that I met
With sweet Lilla, the pride of my heart
And the joy that I felt I can never forget,
Till the last spark of life from my bosom shall part.

CHORUS.

But now she has gone,
And her sweet life is o'er,
We shall see her no more,
We shall see her no more.

How often at eve when our labors were o'er,
We roved where the river ran swiftly along,
And often we set on the blossoming shore
To list to the Mocking bird's rapturous song.
Oh, yes, it was there in the bright Southern land
By the river side under the old shady tree,
As we sat all alone in the sunset so grand,
That dear little Lilla was plighted to me.

But now she has gone, &c.

Andrews', Printer, 38 Chatham St., N. Y., Dealer in Songs, Games, Toy Books, Motto Verses, &c., Wholesale and Retail.

WE SHALL SEE HER NO MORE.